ITER LUSITANICUM;
OR THE
PORTUGAL VOYAGE.

With what memorable Passages interveen'd at the Shipping, and in the Transportation of her most Sacred Majesty

KATHERINE, Queen of *Great Britain*, from *Lisbon* to *England*.

Exactly observed
By him that was Eye-witnesse of the same,
Who though he publish this, conceals his name.

Plus valet unus oculatus testis
Quam mille auriti, *Aug.*

Carmina secessum; scribentis & otia quærunt;
me mare, me venti, me sera jactat hyems.

Verses ask time, and leisure, but I'm tost
With windes, and waves and with cold winters blast.

By *S. H.* a Cosmopolite.

Printed at *London*, and Re-printed at *Edinburgh*, *Anno Dom.* 1662.

TO THE KING,

His most Sacred, and most Excellent MAJESTY.

PArdon, Great Sir, this forwardness of mine,
Pardon each rude, and indigested line.
I am no Poet, Sir, nor Poets Son,
'Tis seldome, I ere look towards *Helicon*.
The Eminencies that in them are known,
Except their Poverty I must disown;
And't was my Loyalty, and not my Wit,
As Poet, that hath still occasion'd it.
Here; as it was incumbent every day,
I could not, *Flamen* like, but Sing and Pray.
Iliads, and *Odyss's*, trouble, and Triumph too,
Of your Great Queen, Great Sir, I offer you.
I thought it my alleageance for to tell
What accidents within our Voyage fell.

To me 'twas Antidote againſt the harms
We fear'd or felt, among the dreadfull Stormes.
'Tis now an offering; your Majeſtick Frown
May mak't a burnt one, then I'm quite undone.
That would aſtoniſh and appale me more,
Then all the Horrours of the Sea before.
But 'tis your gracious Candour I do ſue,
Which is both Patronage, and Pardon too.
Grant it, Great Sir, to him, who ner'e knew how
To merit the leaſt wrinkle, from your Brow.
Send from the Chancery of your Royal Breaſt,
Your Royal pardon, my *Quietus eſt.*

Your Majeſties moſt humble Servant, Subject, and Suppliant,

S. H

A la Sereniſsima y muy Poderoſa Reyna, la Reyna de la *Gran Britainia, Francia, y Irlanda*, &c.

Sereniſsima Reyna,

YA que honrado he ſido, con aver eſtado enſerviendo a V. Mtad, en el Carlos Royal; he dado a ſaber al mundo, las amargas yervas con que Comio V. Mtad las paſcuas ſobre el Atlantico; en que recuento, eſtan acompanados, otros memorables ſuceſos, que Comprehenden, las ſumptuoſas ſolenidades (en Lisboa) de la partida de V. Mtad; y por amor de Orden y metodo, los he fundado en la luſtreſa de los Glorioſos, y hechos muy famoſes de los antepaſados, de V. Mtad: que primeramente ſcalaron El monte de Avila, y en progreſſo, con ſus armas valeroſas ſe dieron ſer, abſolutos duenos del India Oriental y del poniente, ſobre ciudades infinitas, fortalezas y rios, Algunos de ellos ſaliendo del Paraiſo.

La vendicion de la Reyna del Zur, ſea la de V. Mtad! en el gozamiento, aſi de la ſaviduria, como la perſona del nueſtro Salomon bendito: ſea V. Mtad Como la vina frutifera, naciendo por los paredes de ſu Caſa! Sea ſu Caſa un Caſtillo impregnable! ſempre bien Compueſta ſin algun emfado eſtranxero! Sea ſu primogenito de V. Mtad, el mas alto de los Reyes de la tierra, que aſi en continuo reza.

Seraniſſima Reyna,

El muy humilde y muy fiel Criado y rezante de V. Mtad.

S. H.

To the most Serene and Powerfull Queen, the Queen of *Great Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, &c.

HAving had the honour to attend your Majesty in the Royal-*Charles*, I have here let the world know with what bitter herbs your Majesty did eat your Pass-over through the *Atlantick* Sea; which relation is accompanied with other memorable passages that take in the pompous solemnities of your departure from *Lisbon*: and being a friend to Method and Order, have laid the Foundation thereof in the splendor of your glorious and renowned Aunceſtors; who first climb'd up Mount *Avila*, and in process of time with their victorious armies made themselves absolute Lords over the Orientall and Occidentall Indies, over many Cities, Fortifications, and famous Rivers, some of which take their rise from *Paradise*.

The blessing of the Queen of the South be ever on you, in the enjoyment both of the wisdome and person of our gracious *Solomon*. May you be like a fruitfull Vine by the sides of his house; and may his house be an unvanquishable Fort against all *Assaylants*; Let it never be disordered by any Forrein Invasion, or Domestick Treason. May your First-born be higher than the Kings of the Earth. This is the constant prayer of,

Most Serene Queen,

Your most humble, and most faithfull Subject, and Servant

S. H.

THE APOLOGY, TO THE READER.

EIght hundred leagues, short of *Parnassus* Mount
My slumbring *Muse*, awakt, which made acount
T'indulge her selt in silence; since she ha's flowne
O're th'yawning Waves, and Seas, to *Helicon*,
And dipt her fluttering wings; returns again,
Meets me oth' Coasts of *Portugal* and *Spain*,
Thence she retires to *England*, where she Roves:
Amongst the *Lawrel*, *Thickets*, and the *Groves*
Declaring in the following numbers, when
And where, and how King *John* got's Crown again,
Relating no Romance, but what was seen,
In the transporting of Great *Britaines* Queen.
Presuming neither more then to begin,
And jangle, to get better Ringers in.
Resolving after this ner'e to be seen
Or shew her self, on the *Pierian Green*.
Censure not too severely these of mine;
Or write thy self, that I may censure thine.

S. H.

THE

THE ALARUM, TO The *SPANIARD.*

IT is decreed! nor can thy tottering Fate,
O *Spain*, resist the *Lusitanean* State;
Though Ensignes, Ensignes, Armies, Armies meet,
And in dire Thunder Cannons Cannons Greet;
They'l reach the topmost Jewel in thy Crown,
And place a Bend in thy Escutcheon
Sixty two years in *Triumph*, thou hast sway'd
Their Sceptre, to a Rod of Iron made.
Thy Yoak was heavy and their Bondage more
Then the *Sicilian* Tyrants us'd before.
Neer nine times seven years Vassalage they knew
Bidding all Rights and Liberties adieu.
But the Grand climacterick-year being come,
It put a period to their Martyrdome,
And Tropick to the tyranny and rage,
Confining thee unto some other stage;
To act thy bloody Scenes, as to their woe
Th' hast done 'ith *Indies*, and at *Mexico*.
Maugre all Rancor, now it is decreed
To take thy turn, either to bend or bleed.

Sicvli non invenire Tyranni majus tormentum.

The Battle.

BUt what was gain'd by *Philip* th' Second, then
By *John* the Fourth was reassum'd again;
Their Laws, their Freedom, Priviledge and Crown,
By his successefull sword were made their own.

That

That *John*, whose Ancestors in open field
Conquer'd five Kings, and made their Armies yield;
Lest *Spain* should plead Prescription, thought it best
To send th'Usurper his *Quietus est*.
What more did the Old *Patriarch* before
In Conquering of *Chedor-Laomer*,
And's Murnivall of Kings, on *Sodoms* plain?
Then he, to get and keep his Crown again.
Nay! Rather lesse, he vanquisht four, in all,
King *John* Triumphs o're six, in *Portugal*.
Thus Old * *Ulissipon* they did regain,
First, from five Kings of *Moores*; and now from *Spain*.
Both in *December*, both the very day
Of the same Moneth, they bore the Palm away.

Abraham.

* *Lisbon* anciently called *Ulisbon*, from *Ulisses*, by whom it was built in his ten years Travels.

The Conquest.

THe news, *Torpedo*-like, benum'd the Sense
Of *Spain*, with its Narcotick influence
Quite chang'd the hue of *Olivarez* Face
For all his counterfeit *Albricias*:
Amaz'd the Inhabitants from whom 'twas gone,
Like lightning, beyond the Banks of *Rubicon*:
Two Kingdoms in one morning to fall off,
May make the King to sigh, though th' Count *Olivarez*
Such feathers from the Austrian Eagles wing,
With such dependencies, both Kingdoms bring,
'Ith the East and Western Indies; In the Isles,
Tercera and *Madera*; in *Brasile*,
In *Congo*, *Angola*, *Manar*, *Azarim*,
Mombaza, *Mozambick* and *Agazim*.
Whole Cities, Countries, Nations did fall,
Throughout the World to'th Lot of *Portugal*.
And can *Spain* lesse then tremble, sigh and groan,
To see such *Prodroms's* of confusion,
Ruine approaching, and the people hurl'd
Into distraction, through the spatious world?

Count *Olivarez* brought newes to the King, and cries *Las Albricias*, *Las Albricias*. i. e. A reward for his pains. (scoff.

Desine jam toto divisos orbe Britannos Dicere; cum toto nunc jungitur Angliamundo.

But as the victories at *Marathon*
Did prove a Sabbath to the *Athenian.*
So what was lost by *Spain*, did prove to be
T'*Algarues*, and *Portugal*, a Jubilee.

The Triumph.

THy *Ne plus ultra* now is stretch't as far
As *Ana*, from the Streights of *Gibraltar.*
The *Thebans Pillars*, that of old did stand,
As Bondaryes on this, and the *Africk* Land,
Are now transplanted to the Indies, where
They've found a station in each Hemisphere.
From east to west, from *Goa* to *Brasile*,
The Spaniard fled before the Spanish steel.
Before that Sword, which only brandisht stood
Not bath'd nor drench'd, like his, it'h adverse blood!
Rather then kill, King *John* sayes let't suffice,
To drive away these birds from th'sacrifice.
Though they have mischief upon mischief pil'd,
Wee'l strike the Serpent, but wee'l spare the Child.
Remove the Spaniard, and restore the Crown,
To whom 'tis due by right succession.
Thus *Ashur*-like the conquering Prince thought good,
Rather to swime in Oyle, than wade in Blood:
One onely Sacrifice, or two at most,
Appeas'd the King and satisfied his host;
'Twas not his glory for to gulge, but taste
The Spanish blood, for all their furies past.
One of that Nation, *Vasconzello's* fall,
Spains Secretary, serv'd to attone them all.

Ne plus ultra the Motto between *Hercules* Pillars in some of the Spanish Coyn *Hercules* Pillars are at the mouth of the Streights.

Ana a River that parts *Castile* and *Portugal.*

The Proposal of Marriage.

FIve Lustres are well nigh accomplisht, since
Lisbon ha's triumpht in her Native Prince.

A Lustre is five years.

For

For sixteen years King *John* the Scepter sway'd,
Now in the Sepulcher of's Fathers laid:
The Crown upon *Alphonso* th'sixth is come,
And with it all his vast Dominion.
Now 'tis the care, and Interest of all,
But o'th *Queen-Regent* most of *Portugall*, The Queen Mother.
To match the onely Daughter of the King,
From whom some Royal Cyons soon may spring.
That Queen, whose memory should be enrol'd
'Mongst greatest Princes, and in lines of Gold,
Dispatches her Embassadour away
To *Englands* King, and then keeps *Holy-day*.

The Publication of the Banes.

THe Banes between two Kingdomes, publisht, run:
Born by the wings of Fame through *Christendome*.
Twixt *Englands* Monarch, and th'*Infanta*, there,
The sole Intelligence that moves that Sphere.
Englands First-born; King *Charles*, the Exil'd Son,
By Miracle restor'd to his Fathers Throne.
And *Donna Katherina*, who may boast
A change as wonderfull upon that Coast.
Great *Charles*, to whom all *Christendome* gives place,
And Royall *Katherine*, of *Braganza*'s race,
Consult their Auguries, and you'l finde both gain
Their Crowns, like spoyls of *Salmacis*, again. *Salmacida spolia sine sudore & sanguine.*
One to Insulting Regicides gives Laws,
Th'other from Spanish yoak the neck with-draws.

The Match compleated.

SEe! See! the Illustrious pair of Princes greet!
Who in affection and in Fortune meet;
Heavens *Arbiter*, in Hymeneal-bands, *Quos mare disjunxit, littore junxit amor.*
H'as joy'nd these Princes hearts before their hands.

No Sea muſt ſunder thoſe whom Love conjoynes;
No time muſt ravel what great *Hymen* twines.
Tagus o'reflows her Banks; the Curled Maine
Sends out great tydes t'attend our Soveraigne.
Neptune reſigns his Trident, *Venus* ſwayes
No more; its *Englands* Empreſſe rules the Seas.
The Royal *Charles*, proud of her Princely Bride,
With ſeverall gallant Squadrons, by her ſide,
Attends the motion, as her Convoy home,
Where three Crowns more are added to her own.
The Voyce of Joy, and Gladneſſe, now are ſeen
To fill the Palaces of King and Queen.
Nor was't the hand of Mortal man (alas)
But Gods right Arm, that brought it all to paſs.

To his Excellency, the Earle of Sandwich.

HEaven's was the work, yet in theſe Royal Scenes
The Supream Agent's pleas'd to work by meanes.
Angels have joyn'd their hearts, and now their hands
By men muſt be conjoyn'd in Wedlock bands.
The management of which affair was due
To none alive (Lord *Mountagu*) but you:
You that by th'Sea in th' Royal *Charles* did bring
The Royall *Charles*, Great *Britaines* welcome King,
From Heaven by Sea and Land are ſtill employ'd
To bring unto King *Charles*, King *Charles* his Bride.
Your Grandeur, as Ambaſſador, is ſeen,
In your attendance on Great *Britaines* Queen.
At every Audience, the Grandees ſtand,
In you t'admire the Glory of our Land;
Your Perſon ſplendent, and your numerous Train,
Dazling all eyes, of *Portugal*, and *Spain*;
Omnis arena Tagi, &c. Firſt, on the ſpacious River, which of old
In Chronicle was fam'd for Sands of Gold:
Next, on the thronged Shore, where millions ſtood
T'attend your Landing, from the Rapid flood.

Then

Then, then the ancient Prophecies were Crown'd,
And ſtore of Gold on *Tagus* Banks was found.

It was laſt Summer, Sir, when you began
To Catechiſe the bold *Mahometan*
And now your active Soul's ready, we ſee,
In *England* to Create a Jubilee.
Europ, and *Africke* too, do ſound your fame,
To *Europs* glory, and to *Africks* ſhame.
Poſterity, in Volumes ſhall declare
What your atcheivements were, what your Trophies are.
What's done within the Streights; what more,
Was ſpoke in thunder from the *Tangier* ſhore.
What memorable ſervices were done
By your great prudence to our Nation.
The *Spaniards* ſaid, when that great work was done,
You'd laid a padlock on all Chriſtendome.
Others were heard (of Eminence and note)
To ſay, you'd now the *Spaniard* by the throat,
The *Hogen Mogers* hearts did fry and burn,
To be ſo nigh, and miſs ſo good a turn.
Thus through the Temple of Virtue you have paſt
To th'Temple of Honour and Renown at laſt.
All your appearances at *Court*, *Aboard*,
In the greateſt ſplendor Sea, or Land afford:
Two *Nations*, being at Conteſt, each who ſhall
Load, with moſt dignities, our *Generall*.
Such Honours has your Excellence, who brings,
The beſt of *Conſorts* to the beſt of Kings.
Thus to be Fam'd and known, by one, and all.
Englands Ambaſſador and *Admirall*.

The Valedictien between the Queen of England *and the Queen of* Portugall.

THe affaires of State, and ceremony, paſt,
The parting, and the farewell, comes at laſt.

The

The King, both Queens, with all their Glorious train,
Do solemnly appear in Court again.
The Earle of *Sandwich.* Here they receive his Excellence; and he
From them receives her Sacred Majestie:
So rich, so splendid, that you might have told
Whole rocks of Diamond, in Mines of Gold.

Here the two Queens took leave, but in such sort
As with amazement fill'd the thronged Court.
Their carriage more then masculine. No tear
From either of their Majesties appear.
Art conquer'd Nature; State, and Reason stood
Like two great Consuls, to restrain the Flood
Of passion and affection; which, nere th'less,
Appear'd in sad, but prudent comelinesse.
Majestie acted, as Dictator here:
And as Lord Paramount in's proper sphere.
Bearing the sway, and sole dominion
Of Art, Love, Reason, Nature, Passion.
Light sorrows find a vent, from Great ones rise
A damp that stops the sluces of the Eyes.

A Scene so solemn, that the standers by,
Both Lords and Ladies, did that want supply.
In this great concourse, every one appears,
Paying a tribute to them, but in tears,
Thus were they dry, like *Gideons* fleece; when round
About the spacious Court was watry ground.
And they that conquer Kings, and Kingdoms too,
Shew how themselves, themselves can conquer now.
It is not *Cæsar*, or *Miltiades*
Can boast of Trophees, adequate to these.
Since they, that govern passion, triumph more
Then they that conquer Kingdomes o're and o're.

Her Majeſty Ship'd on St. George *his day.*

SAint *George* was this day mounted in ſuch ſtate,
He fear'd no Dragon; and could finde no mate.
This day ſurmounted other Feaſts as far
As any Feſtivall i'th Calendar
Does other dayes; The *Portugeſes* vaunt,
St. *George* their Guardian, and tuteſar Saint.
St. *George* for *England* too, the *Engliſh* cry!
Though perhaps neither knows the reaſon why.
This was th'allotted, and th'appointed day
The Queen firſt took poſſeſſion of the Sea.
England and *Portugal* were then made one,
After a ſtately, grave Proceſſion.
The Churches viſited, the Offrings laid
On th'Altars, and all due Devotion paid.
The People throng'd in multitudes, to ſee
Their King, and our great Queen in Majeſtie.
Houſes were out o'th windows hurl'd, th'array
That in Imbroyderies, and Velvets lay,
And coffin'd up for many years before,
By all conſents were turned out of door.
Thouſands of houſes, and vaſt pillars told,
Array'd with Damasks, Silks, and cloths of Gold.
All Streets adorn'd, triumphant Arches fram'd;
In all rich furniture as can be nam'd.

April 23. *Stilo novo.*

Thus paſt the *King* with all his Royal train,
Conducting the *INFANTA* to the Main.
Thus *Englands* Repreſentative, we ſee
Attend, receive, conduct her Majeſtie:
And as great *Trajan* triumph'd once in *Rome*,
In Effigie: So they, that hither come,
Our Great King *Charles* in *Lisbon* ſtreets might ſee
Triumphant with his Queen in Majeſtie.
The Robes, and Royall Enſignes he put on
I'th ſolemn day of's Coronation.

The Earle of *Sandwich* his Excellency. *Viderunt oculi noſtri, invideruntalieni.*

He

He in his Princely Portraiture, and she
Both in her person and her Effigie.

From the Procession to the Royal Gallery.

DOwn from the City to the Sea they come
Into the Kings Gallery, a glorious Room:
And such as they of *Lisbon* have not known
To speak the Splendor of that Nation.
So *Xerxes* fetter'd up the *Hellespont*
With's bridge of boats; He and his Army on't.
As the great King *Alphonso*, here, we see,
O're *Tagus* rears a stately Gallery;
(Barges and Boats were numberless) which stood
To bridle up the raging of the Flood:
And make a Royal passage for the King,
For *Englands* Queen, and for what Nobles, bring,
Their Majesties aboard the Royal *Charles*:
Dons, *Condies*, Marquesses, with Dukes and Earls.
Ladies and Lords san's number, with a train
Would blear the eyes, or break the heart of *Spain*.
Thus link'd and chain'd together now we stand,
As if the Sea were married to the Land.
And thus of two, both Nations were made one
In this arrival, and conjunction.

The Queen comes aboard.

ANd thus in Princely Equippage she comes
Into her gloriously Embellish'd Rooms,
Where *Persia*, *India*, *Italy* have sent
As tribute, both for use and Ornament,
Such Riches and such Furniture as flow,
Or from *Bazaleel's* loom, or mines below;
Made by the curious Artists, to set forth
Their matchless skill, and the Queens matchless worth:

Her

Her Royall Cabin, and her State-room too
Adorn'd with Gold, and lin'd with Velvet through.
The cuſhions, ſtools and chairs, and clothes of State,
All of the ſame materials, and rate.
The bed made for her Majeſties repoſe,
White as the Lily, red as *Sharons* Roſe,
For colour, coſt, and candour may compare
With what in Hiſtorie we finde moſt rare.
Egypt, nor Iſles of *Chittim* have not ſeen
Such rich imbroderies, or ſuch a Queen.
Windowes with *Taffataes*, and *Damask* hung,
While coſtly Carpets on the Floors are flung.
Regions of Perfumes, Clouds of Incenſe hurl'd,
In every room of this our little World.
Here ſhe begins her Progreſs; comes aboard;
Turns *Voyager* to greet her Greateſt Lord.
The Royall *Charles* by Sea and Land ſhee'l take,
Both for her *Zenith*, and her *Zodiake*.

Her Majeſties Welcome aboard

WElcom'd ſhe was in thunder, while the ſhore
By King *Alfonſo's* Order ſtrives t'out-roare
Our Cannon, and our Culverin, which fly,
And fill the Land, the Waters, and the Sky.
Give fire the Captains cry, and Quick tis gone
Beyond the *Axis* of the *Horizon*.
Lightning and Thunder from each Oaken ſide
Proclaims the welcome of our Royall Bride.
Such Thunder-bolts, and ſuch Granadoes fly
From Stem to Stern, from Waters to the Sky.
Between his Caſtles, and our floating Iſles
Th'amaz'd Inhabitants, for many miles,
Surpriz'd with wonder, Gaz'd, and thought it ſtrange
Earths Centre reel'd not at the Inter-change.

At our parting.

St. Georges *Night.*

THus has the day been ſolemniz'd by all;
But tis the night muſt Crown the Feſtivall.
Then, then, Dame Nature had Convulſion fits,
And to keep up the Revels, loſt her wits.
The Sea was all on fire, and people came,
In ſhoales like Fiſhes, to behold the Flame.
The Great Pavilion of Condenſed Clouds
Had now no other light but from the ſhrouds,
The *Starres* like images of *Iupiter* fell down,
And Fixt a while i'th watry Region:
As if the *Virgins*, or *Ariadnes* Crown,
To Court the Queen had here deſcended down.
All leſſer lights, as Homagers were ſent,
To pay this duty in their Element.
The luſter of the night darkned the day,
Dampt the bright girdle of *Andromeda*.
Nor could the fam'd *Coſſiope* preſume
Among theſe dazeling Tapers, to a Room.
Thus *Iſrael*-like we gly'd into the Sea,
Pillar'd with fire by night, and Clouds by day.
Ceeutam lumi-nibus The ancient Story of old *Argos* eyes,
In Cannons mouthes you might *Mythologize*.
From Earth, and Waters, Light, and Fire, were ſent
In Blazing Comets to the Firmament.
Balls of conſuming Wild-fire here were hurl'd,
Like to quick Fire-drakes through the liquid World.
The lights of Heaven were darkn'd, the pale Moon
Pull'd in her horns, to ſee her ſelf out-done.
Each Ship a globe of glory did appear;
Each light a fixed Star in's *Hemiſphere*.
The Royal *Charles*: That that had leaſt had moſt; for there the Queen,
Quis enim ce-laverit ignem? Queen-Regent of th'new Firmament was ſeen.
Charles Wain was here predominant, and theſe
Great lights below, dar'd the *Antipodes*.

City.

City, and Sea were gilded with the ſhine
That overſpread them both in this deſigne.
Thoſe Engines blaz'd with flames, which juſt before
Roar'd out in Thunder to th'aſtoniſht ſhore.
The Hulls, the Maſts, the Cordage, and the Tyre
Of thoſe *Boanergeſes* ſeem'd all on fire.
And yet no noiſe nor harm; what did appear,
Was fitted to the *Eye*, and not the *Ear*,
To pleaſe the Queen, the *Elements* conſpire,
That of the Earth, the Waters, and the Fire:

Oh for an Ayery Wagoner, whoſe prayer,
Elias-like, may now command the Ayre.

As Moſes was Victor in mari ſo Elias was Auriga in aere.

The KINGS laſt Farewel.

THe winde was wholly contrary that day,
All which in viſiting was paſs'd away.
But then, when *Morpheus* had clos'd up moſt eyes,
And nights black Curtains were drawn o're the Skyes;
Down comes the King in's Royal Barge, amain
Incognito! with his harmonious train:
To ſing his Siſters Farewell, which was done,
To Extaſie, and Admiration.
Under our gilded Galleries he floats,
And there they advance their moſt melodious throats
In ſeverall Sonnets, which the Artiſt calls
Epithalamions, Carols, Madrigals.
Thalia to the Queen did here impart
What skill in Muſick lay, and what in Art.
What comes from Inſtruments, what from the throats,
Well warbl'd out in ſweet-dividing Notes.
The vocall Muſick that we heard this Night,
Had in't the Quinteſſence of all delight.
Here was the true *Arion*, who, they ſay,
Made *Dolphins* dance, and caper in the Sea.
Here was the *Orpheus*, and *Amphion* too,
That with their Muſick did ſuch wonders do:

Laid Charms on man and beast, made stones to rise
From th'sullen Earth: and re-salute the Skyes.
It were a task for *Lanier*, *Cook*, or *Lawse*,
To give the merit of it just applause.
I want both Skill and Language to express
The order, melody and comelines
Of this nights action: But th'approaching day
Silenc'd the Musick, sent the King away.

That morning we put to Sea.

Uni Helena, Ibi Troja. The Royal *Charles.*

Elen and *Troy* ne're parted; where the Queen
Was present, there the Court was also seen:
'Tis now a floating in this Royal Ark,
At which the Stars may gaze, and Dogs may bark.
Down to the wombe of moysture now we fall,
Leaving the Native soyl of *Portugall.*
Where formerly on shoar we did descry
Whole Constellations of Nobility
Clouded with sadnes, Ladies all in Vails,
E're we weighed Anchor, or could hoise our Sails.

Each man's an *Agamemnon*, as they say,
Mourning to part with *Iphigenia.*
The Ladies farewell to her seem'd to be
Sadder then th'parting of *Andromache.*
Oh! for a *Zeuxis*, or *Aglaophon*,
To paint their looks at *Lisbon*, now she's gone.

Delug'd in seas of sorrow; hear their cryes;
Cholchos it self ne're sent forth such a Prize!
Great *England's* Argonaut, that Princes bears,
That widows all our joyes, drowns all our tears.
The Royal *Charles*, in her, ha's shipt in more
Than all the *Lisbon* Caracks did before.
Both *Indies* in a trice, where ere she comes,
She out-ballances all Wealth, Perfumes and Gummes.

Tagus

Tagus does flow to *Thames*, and now *White-hall*
Has found Capacity for *Portugall*.
London has ſwallow'd *Lisbon*, *Englands* Coaſt
Hath gain'd more from us, then our Conqueſts boaſt.

A Vertuous *Virgin*, on whoſe cheeks do lie
Concentred Beauty, Grace, and Modeſtie.
A gracious *Bride*, whoſe meer Intrinſick worth
Runs parallel with what the world brings forth;
A Glorious *Queen*, array'd in Majeſtie,
Mirrour of Vertue, Prudence, Pietie.

A Virgin; Bride, and Queen, young, fair and good.
Leander-like attempts the curled Flood,
To court Great *Britains* King, o'th *Britiſh* ſhore,
Waving both *Tagus* and *Pactalus* o're;
Leaving all hopeleſſe e're her like to ſee,
Except it come, Great *Charles* from Her, and Thee!

Good Wind and Weather.

ALL Oracles invok't, we launch again,
By Heavens ſafe Conduct, to the Briny-main;
Our Canvas ſwelling with ſuch gentle gales,
As ſtrain no Top-maſts, and yet fill her Sayles.
Our hollow Keels the Ocean do divide,
With all advantages of Wind and Tyde;
Mercies do ſeem to multiply; We find
Fair weather added to the faireſt wind.

A croſs and contrary Wind.

THe morn was glorious, but our hopes (alas!)
Blaſted, and withered, e're the day did paſſe:
The wind did alter, and the weather rage,
Both with the angry Element engage.

The

The Waves did riſe, the Clouds let fall their Rain;
Ships took in Seas, Men pumpte'm out again;
Nor were we far into the Ocean gone,
But we were croſt with an *Euroclydon*;
North-eaſt, and turbulent juſt ſuch a one,
S. Paul. As croſt that Veſſel of Election.
He from *Laſea*, we from *Lisbon* came;
Ours had a ſtorms, but his a tempeſts name.
We were then not far from the mountains that are called *Montes Lunæ*; near *Sintra*, and bordering on the *Atlantick* Sea, *Montes volvuntur Aquarum.*
The ambitious Waves in curled Billows flye
Rowling themſelves in Mountains to the Skie;
So vaſt, ſo very high, they ſeem'd to ſome
To be the very Mountains of the Moon.
The hollow winds with whiſtling from the Clouds
Strain both the Top-maſt, Main-maſt, Yards, and Shrowds.
The very day was darkneſſe, and the Night
Preſented nought but horrour to the ſight.
The ſounds of Port and Starbor'd heard before,
Were dwindl'd to Non-near, and ware-no-more.
The Face of Heaven was dreadfull; and the noiſe
Of wind, and water drown'd the Saylors cries.
'Larums of vengeance ſounding in our ears,
So lately fill'd with Muſick of the Spheres.
In this great Buſtle 'twixt the Sea, and Storm,
Some had their Main-ſails, ſome their Top-ſails torn.

The Paſſengers in this Storm.

THe Jaw-fall'n Paſſengers could as ſoon eat
Morſels o'th Main-maſt, as a meſs of meat,
Cordials of Amber, and diſſolved Pearle
Would now be Nauſeons to Man and Girle;
Doctors and Pothecaries were uſeleſſe now,
The Sea was Phyſick and Phyſician too.
The open Decks. Some i'th Star-chamber, ſome in Cabins lie,
Neither had more to do, but winck and die.
Ai-ke! cries one, Jeſus! another ſayes,
Here's one a curſing, there's another prayes.

Here

Here laughs a Saylor, while another cry'd,
Hee'd change this great Fish-market for *Cheapside*.
The Deck with sick men covered; so that
It look't like th' valley of *Jehosaphat*.
Alive or dead they knew not, like men shot
With dreadfull Thunder live, but know it not.
They who the Storm in darker Cabins spent,
Took each his Coffin and his Monument;
Resolving there to lie, and lie alone,
Till th' Trump should sound at Resurrection.

A Whale neer the Ship.

I'Th midst of these incumbrances, we spy'd
A tortuous Leviathan by th' Ships side;
Who on the rouling Waves did sport and play,
Taking his pastime in the troubled Sea.
Great store of Porposes do here advance,
Above the Surges: and the Dolphins dance,
As if those wonders which it'h deep do lie,
Had all been shuffl'd into mutiny.
With cross and adverse winds for thirteen dayes
We roul and tumble on the fearfull Seas;
And pass our time with very small delight
'Mongst Sons of *Neptune*, and of *Amphitrite*.
Each man turns Votary, his Temple deck:
With Royal wreaths, like great *Apollo's* Priest,
Praying the Heaven of Heavens propitious be,
In the safe Conduct of her Majesty.

The Mariners Prayer.

ILlustrious Princess, may no wind nor tide,
Croud to disturb King *Charles* His Royal Bride.
Gentle as breath of Eunuchs be the Gales
That fill and swell your large distended Sailes:

Now

Now let all ſtorms be crampt; The ſurly wind,
That ſtirs *Heſperian* billows, be confin'd:

May never *Æolus* with boyſterous blaſts
Invade your Canvas Cordage, or your Maſts;
Nor *Thracian Boreas*, whom Poets ſaid,
Too loudly courted the *Erythrean* Maid,
Too faucily attempt to ſee you; But ſail on
Free from them all, free from *Euroclydon.*

From all ſtones Billow-gnawn, and waves that roare
Like thoſe upon *Puzzola*, or *Baiæ* ſhore;
May never *Remora*, nor *Proſerpine*,
Nor *Aeacus*, nor *Alceus*, who deſigne
And propheſie hard Sea-adventures, Be
Occaſion'd to foretell your Naufragie;
Leſt, while ſuch Deſtiny they ſhould make known,
They blaſt our Kingdomes Glory, and their own.

Bleſt by a higher Auſpice, ſtill go view
Your vaſt Dominion, while we joyntly ſue
Your ſafer Convoy through the watry Main,
As the return of *Englands* Prayers again,
That He, who gave's a King, and him his due,
Would give him all things elſe, in giving You.

Caſtor and *Pollux* too, who uſe to ſave
The weather-beaten-veſſels from the wave,
With bright *Orions* help, May all combine
In Pitch-dark Firmaments moſt bright to ſhine.
That no croſs Conſtellation them undo,
Who bear both *Caſars* Name, and Fortune too.
But that from South to North we come again
With CHARLES his Bride, enthron'd in *Charles* his wain.

The Queens Courage.

A Little *Remora* the Ship, they ſay,
Of *Caius* the Emperour did ſtop the way;
But nothing can Retardate *Englands* Bride,
Hinder or keep her from King *Charles* his ſide.
'Twas not a *Cyclops* that could block the way,
Or keep *Ulyſſes* from his *Ithaca*;
The ſight of which he did prefer by odds
Before the Immortality o'th gods.
It was not *Heleſpont*, though it divide
The ſhores, from *Seſtos* to *Abydos* ſide,
Could part that Amorous Pair, Th' Ambiguous ſtowes
Conſpir'd to bring them to their ſweet repoſe. *Hero* and *Leander.*

So here, while we our conſtant Courſe do ply,
Mounting on Surges ſometimes to the Sky,
As if wee'd climb the Clouds: Then ſinking fall,
With hollow Waves, as low as loweſt of all.
Seas, like *Ceraunian* Mountains, that do ſwell
As high as Heaven, and fall as low as Hell;
Yet not th' Envellop't Clouds, nor bluſtring Wind,
Nor raging Billows, though they roar by kind,
Such Reſolution does her Breaſt afford,
Can fright the *Infanta* from her Royal Lord.
All danger ſhe diſdains, o're-looks all harms,
Till ſhe be lodg'd within her Soveraigns Arms.
Caſt up the various hazzards, and you'l ſay,
Th'are more then *Hercules* ran for's *Omphale*.
And yet none more vivacious then She,
The Pride and Glory of the Companie.

The reward of Patience.

THe turbulent *Atlantick* that did roare,
Bellow and bluſter, but the day before,

Appears so gently milde, so calm to day,
You might well call it the *Pacifick* Sea.
The raging winde was breathless; now no noise,
Or from the Surges here, or from the Skies.

E're long, twelve Leagues a watch, the Yeomen cry,
A better winde ne're blew out of the Sky;
A smoother Sea, no man alive can boast,
Or fairer weather on the *Biscay* Coast.
The Sea sick Passengers that loath'd their meat,
Are readier now, for to devour then eat,

— Flammas eum Regia Puppis. —Extulerat. Virg.

And that Ship-royal, which i'th darkest night,
To'th rest o'th Fleet still bore the Royal light,
In these brave Gales has easily found the way
To be their Leader through the *Atlantick-Sea.*
And thus with winged-speed, she plows the Seas
(Like *Atalanta*, and *Hippomanes*;)
All arm'd with Zeal: No golden Apple here
To stop the passage of her swift Carreir.

To the Queen.

A Main-I for *England*, now the Saylors crie,
The Royal Standart fluttering in the Skie,
Old *Palinurus* to his Compass flies,
Having no Object now but Seas and Skies.
Lifting his watchfull eyes, his heart, his hands,
The Helmesmen waiting still his quick commands.
The Weather-beaten Pilots, who do know,
What Oracles and Tripo'ds us'd to show,
Bestir themselves, improve their utmost skill,
To do their duty and observe his will.
That Son of *Neptune*, the Lieutenant stands
During all weathers, wary in's commands.
Master and Mates, the Boatswain and his crew,
From Stem to Stern, bid ease and sleep adiew.

Cap. Ro. Curtius Nihil hic nisi Ponius & aer.

From

From the Gunner, and his Gang, afore and aft,
The reſt o'th Navy are their duty taught.
Silence or Thunder from their Admirall
Creates Example here to One and All.
Each Mariner t'his ſheats, and Halyards ſtands,
Ductile and Pliant to ſupream commands,
Reſtleſs and labouring, till their Anchor's laid
In *Thames*, Great Queen, which were in *Tagus* weigh'd.

To the World.

THe Royal Navie now being put to Sea,
Their Loyalty and duty for to pay,
Let no bold interruption that can
Bid others ſtand, upon the Ocean,
'Twixt us and th'Horizon; preſume t'appear,
On perill of being ſent to their own ſphere.
Lower your Top-ſails *Dutch-man*: ſtrike amain;
Down with your Flags, proud *Hollander* and *Spain*.
Let no bold *French*-men dare to come too nigh,
That *Engliſh* Flags or Enſings can deſcry:
Let all your ſeverall ſquadrons Homage pay
To the Great Lord and Lady of the Sea.
To *Englands* Monarch ſtill: Now to His Queen';
Let not the thoughts of *Ruben* Intervene.

England! thy floating Iſles, thy wooden Walls
Damps the diſcourſe of ten Eſcurials;
A Navy ſo puiſſant ne're was known
To croſs the Seas, ſince Seas knew *Oleron*.

Oleron an Iſland neer *Rochel*, from whence Maritime laws were firſt derived to all Seas without the Streights, as from *Rhodes* within.

On the Royal Charles.

SHips are Hermophrodites; we call them Men,
Charles, *James* and *Henry*; At next breath agen,
She's a brave Man of War, here's one for all,
Both the Worlds wonder, and her Admiral.

The Royall *Charles*; The name o'th Faiths Defender
Admits Expreſſions in a double Gender.

No Flegmatick Commander can gainſay
This truth, but in diſcourſe will paſt away.
Bate me this Sea-abſurdity, and then,
Ile fall to write o'th Royall (*charles* ag'en.
Her ſtrength. The Worlds ſeven wonders, Time had ſwallow'd down,
Seem to be now diſgorg'd in this alone.
A Ship ſo Large, ſo Gilt, ſo Gun'd, ſo Man'd,
So Arm'd, ſo Fortify'd, as may withſtand
All Oppoſition that may ſeem to come
From any Port or Part of Chriſtendome.
Her Gallantry Her Enſigns, Pendants, Streamers and Array,
Eye. 17. Richer then th' King of *Tyrus* put to Sea.
12 Trumpeters. Her Trumpets Silver, and her Waſtcloth's round,
Form'd of the deep'ſt-dy'd-Scarlet could be found.
Her high-exalted-Maſts like Towers would ſhake
The loftie *Coloſs* o're the *Rhodian* Lake.
Her Cannons, and her Culverine out-roare,
Ferara's Cacodemon on the ſhore,
The D. of *Ferara* had two Guns, *Inviſata magnitudinis*, the one called *Cacodemon*, the other *Terræ Motus*. And's *Terræ-motus* too; make Sea-Nymphs wonder
To hear them drown with their noyſe noyſe of Thunder;
Which Ecchoing from that ſtupendious Pile,
Would Deave the Deaving Cataracts of *Nile*.
Her Guns. Her loud-mouth'd-Cannons at each Volley make
Th' amazed Skies to rend, the Earth to quake;
He that were ſtung with a *Tarantula*
No Doctor needs, but here them ſing and play,
That makes him dance, and dancing does moſt ſure
Diſcharge the Poyſon, and compleat the Cure.

Were ſuch th' Antagoniſts as made account
To lift up *Pelion* upon *Oſſas* Mount;
Say they were ſtrong as *Tytheus*, or ſtout
As proud *Porphyrion*, or *Rhetus* rout:
She like a Lioneſs to fury bent,
Peace-meal the trembling *Saracen* ſhall rend.

And

And they ſhall ſoon'ſt who moſt in blood delight
Lay weapons down, admire, but never fight:
When they her Great Artillery eſpy
And *Engliſh* Lions in her Fanes diſcry,
In homage to her Soveraignty ſhall yeeld,
Forgetfull of their Projects, ſword, or ſhield:
And all their numerous Fleets at her command,
Their inauſpicious ſquadrons ſhall disband.

Her Gunroom.

Paſs through her *Santta Barbara*, and there
Such horrid, deadly Engines do appear
In Such variety, as do declare
What Wit, Invention, and what miſchief are:
Eighty-ſix Piece of Ordnance you may ſee
I'th number of her Great Artillery;
And each if levell'd as they do not miſſe,
Worſe then the Brazen-Bull of *Phalaris*;
For other Warlike Inſtruments we ſcore
Of ſeverall ſorts, about a thouſand more.

Gorgon, the Ship of *Perſeus*, ner' ſtrook
Such terrour to th' *Aſſyrians*; Ne're took,
Such vengeance on 'em, as ſhe ſhall
Under the Conduct of our Admirall,
On all Oppoſers power from *Thames*, her Throne,
To th' Borders of Sea-faring *Zebulon*.

Zebulon Haven for Ships, at the bottom of the *Straights*,

Nor is her ſtate impair'd by this her ſtrength,
But ſtill keeps Company in breadth and length.
An Elegant contexture here you find
Of what may pleaſe the eye, or poſe the mind.
Here's ſtrength and ſtatelineſſe together meet,
Fulneſſe, and Fineneſs do each other Greet:
Here's all materials convenient,
That either ſerve for uſe, or Ornament;
That fit the Court, or Camp, in Peace, or Warr,
Some fetch from bordering Territories; ſome from farr.

Inſide and outſide too you may behold
Ore-laid, or richly trim'd, with burniſht gold.

Her

Her brazen Entralls through the Decks appear,
While Silken Flags are hovering in the Air:
Her rough and oaken sides are lin'd within
With Velvet smoother then the Ermins skin.
Profit and pleasure meet; for with delight
Things necessary do present to sight.

I'th front a well man'd Castle takes your sense,
I'th rear a Court full of magnificence;
Here sits in Majesty *Great Britains* Queen;
And Sons of *Mars* and Thunder there are seen.
The glittering Ladies in her presence stand;
Without appears a rough and Armed Band:
Those do the Needle handle, these the Spear,
They have their Muffs, these do their Gantlets wear;
Those have their Beads and Bracelets, Pins and Laces,
These deal with Halyards, Cables, Sheats and Braces.

Now when a glorious Journal shall be made
Of all the Voyages, Thou *Charles* I hast had
On the dull wayes below; be it not deny'd
By all Consents but thou be stellify'd,
And placed in the Spheers above, while we
Admire all wonders in admiring Thee.

The Royal Charles *in her present Capacity.*

MEan time't must be confest by one and all,
The Court of *England*, and of *Portugal*:
The floating *Agora*; The moving Camp,
That of all Regal Powers does bear the stamp;
The Church Epitomiz'd; The State Calcin'd,
The Kingdoms garbl'd, and their Court refin'd;
The Sea-mans Æreopage and Arsenal,
The peoples Pantheon, and their Capitol.
The Army modell'd, and the Council all,
Or most abstracted in our Admirall.

What

What Languages are wanting here? 'Mongſt us
Are ſome of *Athens*, ſome of *Epheſus*.
Here are trades Manual, and to tell true,
Of ſeveral Regions and Religons too.
Here's a reward for good, if good they do,
For bad here's places of correction too.

In her we climb the billows, work and pray
Tritons auſpicious conduct through the Sea:
Imploring the ſaf'ſt paſſage e're was ſeen,
To land our *Cargazoon*, *Great Britains* Queen;
At whoſe arrival *Myriads* ready ſtand
With Groves of Bayes and Lawrel in their hand,
To attend the Royal Nuptials, and as meet,
To lay them down at her Majeſtick feet.

To the Nation in general.

THus *England* multiplies her joyes at laſt
Without legitimating By-blows paſt.
The Rapes and the Adulteries o'th laſt age,
Being quite proſcrib'd the Verge o'th Britiſh Stage.
The raviſhers of Scepter, Throne and Crown,
To th' Gulph of ſhame and vengeance tumbled down:
From Royal and Illuſtrious branches She
Delivers over to Poſteritie
Hopes of the greateſt Glory, e're were hurl'd
By fate or fortune through th' extenſive World;
Thus Jubilees and Triumphs She puts on,
For th' dayes and years of her affliction.

Deus eſt in utroque parente.

Rebellion in's own Fatall chain lies bound,
And horrid Treaſon's groveling on the ground;
Both which with their infection did fly,
Like to *Aceſta's* Arrows through the Sky,
And caught fire flying too, as ſoon as gone
It'h upper, middle and loweſt Region.

But now the Bee of *Ashur*, and the Fly
Of *Egypt*, both are banisht *Britany*,
The heads of both those *Hydras* are lopt off,
While Peace and Plenty at e'm both do laugh.
The glorious Mothers of such sons we see
As bless them both for blessing Majesty;
And of such glorious Daughters as arise,
And in the morn and evening Sacrifice
Do teach the astonisht World on bended knees
To beg from Heaven *Regales* like to these.

To the King *and* Queen.

OH! May your Royal Sons as *Cedars* stand
To govern yours and many a Forraign Land;
May the Remainder of your Progenie
Like polisht Corners of the Temple be:
That Kings and Queens, Crowns, Scepters, Diadems,
May flow and flourish from your Regal Seems;
Tibi serviet ultima Thule Hor. To rule both East and West; May *Thules* bounds
Be but one Tropick to your Royal Crowns.
Thence may your awfull Scepters stretch as far
As is the Artick from th' Antartick Star.
And Crown succeeding ages with the Joyes
That to their Children from Your Loins arise.

FINIS.